The Academite

"Sing unto God."

No. 4. MICHAELMAS TERM, 1918

The Academite.

An organ of the greater student body of the
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

No. 4. NINEPENCE. Michaelmas Term, 1918.

Staff.

Contents.

C. Hubert H. Parry.

THE DEATH OF SIR C. H. H. PARRY.

English music is the poorer by the passing of this distinguished man, who was laid to rest, with a national mourning in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, October 16th. The Royal College has our respectful sympathy in the loss of its popular and energetic Director; the R.A.M. feels that more than a friend has gone from it, and the world at large will soon wake to a sense of what a truly national representative has been taken from it. Sir Hubert was in his seventieth year, but these mighty workers never seem to grow old; his energies never failed him to the end, and he leaves a splendid monument behind, in his choral works especially.

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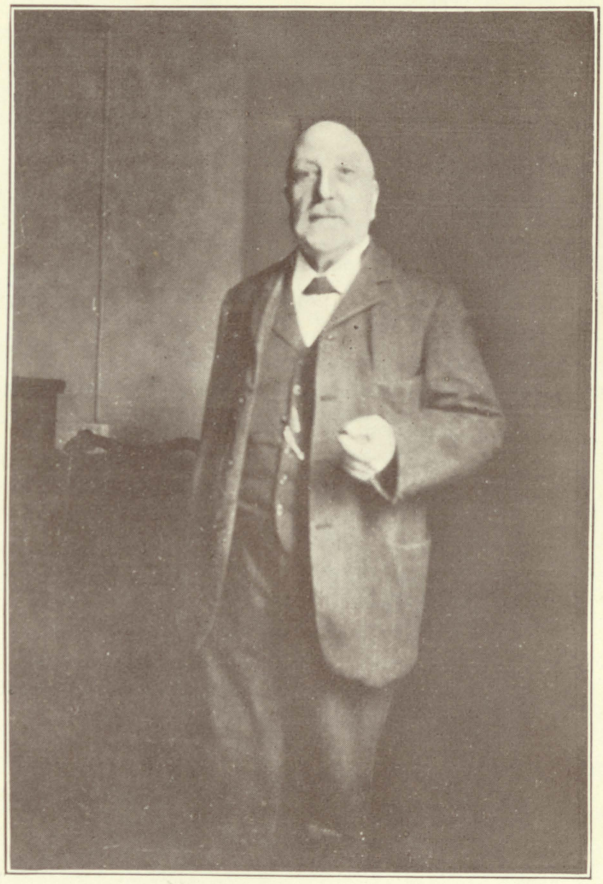
Presentation Supplement to the Academite,

Michaelmas, 1918.



A. C. MacKugin

From Snapshot by GLADYS ROLFE.

THE R.A.M.'s

Message of Greeting to France

On JULY 14th, 1918.

"Our universal Art speaks to us across the sea in the time of trial as none other can: And British Musicians —ever constant and active admirers of France's beautiful music—unite in this warm message of greeting to the great nation which created it."

A. C. MACKENZIE

The Principal's 30th Anniversary.

THE Prize-giving of 1918 will remain for ever in the memories of all who were present at it, for we commemorated on that occasion the thirtieth anniversary of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Principalship. Limitations of space preclude our giving all the details of this function, for which those interested must be referred to the pages of our friendly rival, *The R.A.M. Club Magazine*. Suffice it to say that there was a memento, in the form of an illuminated address, signed by every soul in the Academy, from His Royal Highness the President down to the last new lift-girl, plenty of good speeches and a more spirited than finished performance of that democratic anthem, "For he's a jolly good fellow"! We look forward (why not?) with enthusiasm to the *encore* performance in ten years' time.

The following is an extract from the Editorial which appeared in the Midsummer Number of the *R.C.M. Magazine*.

> "The recent celebration at the Royal Academy of Music of the thirtieth anniversay of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's accession to the position of Principal has been the occasion for many congratulatory expressions on all sides. Collegians will join in this chorus of good wishes in the heartiest spirit.
>
> It has been pointed out that an institution such as the Academy benefits enormously by having at its head one of the foremost composers of the time. His continual presence and example are in themselves a stimulus to those on the threshold of their careers.
>
> We ourselves are similarly fortunate. It is wonderful to think that in the Academy for thirty years, and in our own College for just on a quarter of a century, the two musicians who hold the reins of government have retained their pre-eminence as composers through all the changes of fashion which recent years have brought

about in art. Our Director, in his last address, speaks of the rejuvenating influence upon those of advancing years which is the outcome of constant association with exuberant youth, and Sir Charles Standford, in his "Musical Composition," gave vent to a similar idea when he spoke of the keen endeavours of his pupils who had "taught him how to teach."

These are refreshing thoughts for us to dwell upon. At the same time we should feel humble enough when we remember the self-denial that is practised by the fine creative artist who gives his life to educational work. We can never know how great a sacrifice he has made in restricting the flow of his creative output, and in denying expression to his personal artistic message, in order that he may devote more time to the guidance of others."

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Students, ex-students, professors and friends desirous of becoming patrons or shareholders are asked to communicate with the Treasurer of *The Academite* for particulars.

Important Notice.

If any Students possess MSS. of the late Miss Morfydd Owen's works, would they please communicate with Mr. Harry Farjeon.

Matter.

All Students are invited to send in contributions for our next issue addressed to the Editor not later than the second week of the term. One side of the paper should be written on only; and, if typewritten, the greater will be our obligation. The Editor does not undertake to give any reason for the possible exclusion of matter sent in, the publication of which would be contrary to the policy of the Academite. Copies first in hand and available space are important factors. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

Editorial.

MUSIC CULTURE.

THE following is from the August edition of the *Musical Times*:

"In a lecture delivered at Oxford on June 27th, Sir William Hadow dealt in his usual pungent style with the "Needs of Popular Education." He explained that music had too often been looked upon as audible confectionery and not as the analogue of fine literature. Much remained to be done to raise the educational status of music in elementary & secondary schools and in Universities. Music should be taught differently in schools; it must not be placed in the position of an extra or suffered to consist mainly in the teaching of reluctant individuals to play the pianoforte badly. Even with the great difficulty of the current notation children could be taught correlation (that blessed word!) on simple lines of eye and ear as perfect as the correlation involved in reading a printed page. We could read and write without speaking the words aloud; similarly we should be able to read a page of Beethoven as easily as a page of French. . . ."

After reading the above the most imaginative of us are unable to follow Sir William Hadow in his vision of perfect correlation of eye and ear when applied to children receiving elementary training in music at secondary schools and colleges. The reason is to a great extent obvious. A glance at the curriculum of these schools observing the number of hours per week assigned to the study of music, and, too, the often inferior qualification in many cases, of those in charge of the musical instruction, the bulk of their effort being class work, all but too pregnantly show a state of circumstance non-conducive to a correlation on simple lines of eye and ear as perfect as that involved in the reading of a printed page.

On the other hand the most unimaginative of us cannot but recognise in the above expressions of Sir William Hadow's a distinct challenge to students of musical institutions. Sir William's argument in favour of students of secondary schools attaining to the point where they may read a page of Beethoven as easily as a page of French, is, to our mind, decidedly idealistic. It is not so, however, when applied to students at Academies and Colleges of Music; it then becomes not only practical, but most timely. Most timely because we know that (barring students of composition and a few instrumentalists, mostly violinists and pianists, who more often than not take up the study of composition as a second principal subject) this phase of inner Music Culture is sorely neglected.

Take, as an instance, singers. In thus instancing singers, we are devoid of any desire to be sarcastic; but rather that we recognise in *bel canto* the motherhood of our art; for no less an illustrious person than the great Richard Wagner himself has said that, "The human voice is the practical basis of music, and however, far the latter may journey on her primal path, the boldest combinations of the tone setter, the most daring execution of the instrumental virtuoso, will always have to hark back to the purely singable, to find the law for their achievement."*

One would think that a knowledge of the foregoing sentiments is the cause of a great number of vocalists assuming an apparently indifferent (or shall we say supercilious?) bearing toward the purely symphonic works of music. We are inclined to the belief that it is much the other way round. If singers quite realized the degree of importance their dis-

* Prose works of Richard Wagner.

tinctive branch of music has played in correlation with the purely instrumental, they would not be so contented with their daily routine which is, generally speaking, about one hour of technical exercises and songs, and perhaps the same length of time, more or less, upon their second study (usually the piano). Rather would they, and likewise all other aspiring musicians, spend a few hours in acquainting themselves with the nine symphonies and the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, which go hand in hand as the very apex of musical literature. Similarly should the instrumentalists become acquainted with the classical songs of Schubert and Schumann and, indeed the art songs of other composers. The obvious and beneficent result of such a procedure in study would mean the acquiring of a greater musicianship and incidentally music culture.

Until some such procedure is generally followed seriously by all music students we fear that the correlation on the simple lines of eye and ear in the reading of a page of, say Mozart, and still less Beethoven, will be a rarity among the generality of students at musical institutions not to mention those at secondary schools.

A Letter from Mr. Benjamin Dale.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

While I much appreciate your kindness in asking me to contribute a few lines on my experiences in Germany to the columns of *The Academite*, it is with some hesitation that I take up my pen to comply with your request. The numerous and varied accounts of Ruhleben Camp which have appeared in the British Press from time to time have convinced me of the impossibility of giving anything like a correct impression of the conditions and life in that notorious place within the limits of a short article; and I will therefore not attempt to do more than relate a few facts which may interest, and perhaps amuse, your readers.

Leaving the R.A.M. at the close of the Midsummer Term in 1914, I little thought that, at the time when professors and students would be reassembling to start the work of another academic year, I should already have became an ex-gaolbird!

My travelling companion and myself were arrested in the train at Ansbach, early in August, while trying to make our way to the frontier; and, after a variety of experiences—some unpleasant, others rather laughable—eventually found ourselves in the town prison at Nuremberg, where we were kept for the greater part of four weeks. I had never visited Nuremberg before, although I had often wished to do so; but I never thought that my first glimpse of its spires and gables would be through the grating of a *Black Maria*, which the German authorities, with charming consideration, had kindly placed at our disposal! The treatment in prison was very bad. For the first nine days we were kept in strict solitary confinement, without night-attire or change of clothing—without even a brush and comb. Our pockets had been emptied before we were locked in the cells, and the only thing I had with me to help while away the weary hours was a pocket German dictionary, which I had managed to retain on the plea that, without it, I should be unable to understand the long list of prison rules, which was pasted on to the wall of my cell. On the first Sunday I spent in gaol, each prisoner was given a book to read—as a special "Sunday treat." My book was entitled "Der gute Fridolin," and commenced with the words "Liebe Kinder!" Slipped between the pages I found a tract on the evils of strong drink—the harrowing story of a Westphalian miner, who, as the result of over-indulgence in schnapps, was driven to wife-murder! I would have given a good deal to be able to keep this priceless document, as tangible evidence of the Germans' touching

solicitude for an Englishman's soul. After being released from prison we spent several weeks in Nuremberg in comparative freedom, until, on November 6th, the great "round-up" of Englishmen in Germany took place, and we were transported to Ruhleben.

My first days in the famous concentration-camp were spent in a large refreshment bar, under one of the grand-stands of the race-course, the "bedding" consisting of straw placed on the concrete floor. Later on I was transferred to one of the stables, and quartered in the hay-loft above the horse-boxes. Here I lived for over two and a half years. One day, as I was descending the stairs of the loft with my "billy-can," to fetch the mid-day soup, I heard a cheery and familiar voice cry out "Hullo! Dale--what in the world are *you* doing here?"—and, looking down, I saw my friend and colleague, Frederick Keel! Neither of us had any idea that the other was in Germany, and great was our amazement at meeting under such peculiar circumstances. I can't remember exactly what I did or said, but I believe I rushed up and assured him how delighted I was to run across him—a well-meant, but not very tactful greeting!

The first six months or so at Ruhleben were of the most depressing nature. The accommodation was entirely inadequate and the overcrowding scandalous. The food provided by the Germans was insufficient in quantity and poor in quality. Looking back on those early days, it seems wonderful to me that the men kept up their spirits as well as they did. The great thing that kept us all going was the strong and general expectation of early release; had we contemplated the bare possibility of a four years' internment, I doubt if we should have come through as well as we have. From the middle of 1915 onwards, conditions tended gradually to improve; extra barracks were erected, improved sanitary arrangements were installed, and—the greatest boon of all—the parcels of food from England began to arrive regularly and in good condition. It was about this time, too, that the various societies for organising the educational, artistic, recreative and sporting interests of the camp were brought into being. I have no space to do more than mention some of these societies by name—The Camp School, Dramatic Society, Musical Society, Arts and Science Union, Debating society, Football, Cricket, Tennis and Golf Clubs, as well as a Boxing and Fencing School—and to say that, beginning in a modest way, all the above mentioned organisations were developed to a state of really remarkable efficiency and usefulness. It would be possible to write an interesteing article on musical life in Ruhleben alone—but I must content myself with saying that some really admirable concerts were arranged by the many excellent musicians interned in the camp, among whom the best-known in English musical circles are probably Messrs. E. L. Bainton, Percy Hull, Frederick Keel and Arthur Williams.

It would be a great mistake to infer from the above list of Ruhleben activities that life in the camp was one continual round of amusement. Hardships of every kind existed, and there was much petty tyranny on the part of our captors, especially in the early days; but the great thing is that most of the men there were able to rise superior to these hardships, and accomplish much valuable work in spite of them. The parcels from home were the very mainstay of the camp, and the mainspring of its activities. Had these been cut off for any reason, the whole life of the camp would have been brought to a standstill—for it would have been quite impossible to exist on the food which the Germans supplied. Were I asked to sum up in a few words my impressions of life as a prisoner in Ruhleben, I could only say that it was an experience which I do not wholly regret, but which most emphatically I have no desire to repeat.

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor,

With all good wishes for the continued success of *The Academite*,

Yours very faithfully,

B. J. DALE.

Instrumental Tragedies.

An amorous youth of Athlone
Told his love in a way all his own;
But the medium employed
Made his suit null and void,
For it happened to be the trombone.

There was once an Italian named Niccolo
Who played with great power on the piccolo;
But his tones were so shrill
That the neighbours fell ill,
And he had to migrate to Co. Wicklow.

There was a persistent old barionet
Who practised for years on the clarionet;
But at his decease
He had learned but one piece—
"The Funeral March of a Marionette."

There was a young lady named Lola
Who thought she could play the viola;
But the sounds of her Strad
Would have driven Bach mad
And demoralised Savonarola.

There was a young native of Cuba
Who devoted himself to the tuba;
His tone was quite grand,
But when one of a band
He produced an orchestral Majuba.

There was an old Trinity Fellow
Who drew horrid groans from his 'cello;
But his friends, though distressed,
One and all acquiesced,
For his port was exceedingly mellow.

There was a renowned Senior Wrangler,
Of problems a great disentangler;
But in music his skill
Absolutely was *nil*,
Except as a sort of trianglar.

A rash Caledonian gent
Played the flute on two Sundays in Lent;
On the third coming round
To his sorrow he found
That the bore had been filled with cement.

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The Origin and Progress of the R.A.M.

PART III.

WHEN Lord Burghersh was in London the R.A.M. always prospered. He was energetic and enthusiastic, and was always full of practical suggestions for the improvement, financial and otherwise, of the institution. It was he who encouraged the admission of outside students, knowing that they would have a stimulating influence on the boarders. It was he also who tried to get Government support, either in the form of an annual grant or of a rent free house. His most successful enterprise was the planning of six Academic concerts, which took place under the direction of the Principal, Dr. Crotch. The programmes drew largely upon works of the Italian Operatic School. The performers were from the chorus and orchestra of the Italian Opera, with a few Westminster boys and the students of the R.A.M. Weber conducted his Overture, "The Ruler of Spirits," and De Beriot made his second appearance in England at these concerts. Two male students of the R.A.M., Hawkes and Blagrove, played solos, and a composition by another student, Lucas, was performed. These concerts were most successful, a profit of £685 being made.

Unhappily, Lord Burghersh had now to return to Florence. He left behind a declaration of policy in the form of a letter to the Committee, in which he urged on them the necessity for making a reserve fund, and also advised them to make the musical education of the students general, and not confined to one branch of study. The finances of the R.A.M. at this time were in a most unhappy and precarious condition; all sorts of economies were practised—three boy students were sent to learn piano tuning to save the cost of a tuner, the diet of the boarders was regulated according to Woolwich Military Academy, and the students were hired out to play in the Opera bands.

Lord Burghersh had not been in Florence for long before he received a despairing letter from the Committee, saying that unless £1,700 could be raised the institution would have to be closed. A concert was hastily arranged, but without Lord Burghersh's energy and practical ability the only result was a heavy pecuniary loss. Another setback was the enforced suspension of the Secretary, on account of some scandal connected with the funds. As a last resource donations and loans from wealthy patrons were solicited, and just sufficient money was raised. Expenses were still further cut down, and the fees were raised to £50 for in-students and £30 for out-students. The number of students was reduced, and whenever a student had a bad report from his professor he was asked to withdraw.

V. M.

(To be continued.)

This Term's Academite Social.

We are indeed glad to be able to announce that Mr. Frederick Corder has kindly consented to continue his lecture on the subject of "A Chat about Old R.A.M. Days" at the Academite Social, which takes place on the evening of the Orchestral Concert, Thursday, Dec. 12th, at 7 p.m.

All present at the last social were thoroughly delighted with what Mr Corder had to say, and were truly sorry that time did not permit

of his dwelling at more length on certain phases of his lecture. We hope that there will be ample time on this occasion, for we are sure that we express the sentiment of all present in saying that we would not like to miss a single word or a single note of illustration which the Curator has for us to hear. The usual social part of the evening will, of course, follow the lecture. Further particulars may be had, with regard to the admittance of non-shareholders and friends, from the members of the Committee on arrangement, the names of which will be posted in the hall in due course.

Inconsequence

"My Lady's eyes," . . . thus I'll begin
A Rondeau light and gay wherein
I'll strive to be not too precise.
The form is such a quaint device
To cage a fluttering fancy in!

Unsuited quite to strife or din,
It notes the rustle of cherubim,
The breath of flowers, or how entice
My Lady's eyes.

But to my task!—Her eyes are twin
And irridescent. . . . Stay, I've been
Too prodigal of space by twice.
Commence anew, be more concise!
Such verse would find small favour in
My Lady's eyes.

R. E. C.

Life at a Flax Camp.

ONE of the most delightful holidays I have ever had was spent during last August and September, flax-pulling in Somerset. We worked, it is true, all day and every day, but it was indeed a holiday, nevertheless—a complete, a joyous holiday from responsibility, from "towniness," and from artificiality.

The workers lived in camps, varying in size from two to six hundred occupants. It was at Ilchester that I first tasted the glories and the beauties of camp life.

Reveille called us up at six, and those who wanted had just time to race down to the river for a vigorous swim before the bugle sounded for breakfast. Then, after parade, off to work, armed with rations for the day. We worked in gangs of 14, under a gang-leader. Some gangs walked and some were taken to the more distant fields in motor-lorries, but those who had cycles were in cycling gangs, and I am sure we were the enviable ones, as we bowled off in the fresh morning air, through btautiful lanes and picturesque villages to our fields.

At 5.30 (or with overtime, 6.30) work was over, and the heated flaxers rode home again. The morning's vigour was gone now, and we rode lazily and smoothly in the peaceful evening, reaching camp in time to wash away fatigue in blessed cold water before the welcome "cook-house door" bugle sounded again for dinner. And how we ate! And how the poor orderlies were kept running to and fro for second helpings, and how they were reviled if these ran out!

After dinner one read or wrote letters while the light lasted, or had another swim, or wandered about near camp drinking in the beauty of the evening, until the 9.15 roll-whistle warned us of bedtime, and at 9.45 the last bugle-call, "Lights Out," plunged the camp into silence—more or less (considerably less sometimes).

The tents contained seven or eight occupants, but those who could get anything on which to put their paliasses slept outside on fine nights.

One enjoyed everything. The work was not too hard, rests were frequent, and the monotony of pulling was varied by tying and stooking; and if one's back did ache, what matter! Was there not Beauty all around us to compensate? And were we not making aeroplanes "for the war"? We loved our morning and evening rides, our free times, our camp songs, our open-air life; we revelled in the freedom of our clothes—our short skirts or knickers, and our loose hair. And, most of all, some of us loved lying out at night under the stars, the breeze on our faces. . . . Even rainy days were jolly, and orderly days brought many compensations.

No wonder, then, that we sang all day long; no wonder that we grew brown and rosy and plump, and felt as gay as children, and fit for anything. No wonder that we parted regretfully, saying, however, "I'm coming again next year." C. C. COX.

SOCIAL  NOTES.

Mr. Benjamin Dale, for so long a prisoner in Germany, is once more at the Academy. During his first visit to our beloved Curator the weirdest and most horrible sounds came from the piano, apparently illustrations of "life in Germany," though possibly only variations of the Hymn of Hate.

* * * * *

Little is heard of the war work done by female students. One reason for this seems to be that they do not keep in touch with the R.A.M. as well as do the fighting men. Many girls have given up their studies for motor-driving, munition-making, and canteen work, both at home and in France. These include Bessie Keik, Sylvia Chatterton, Una Harding, Joyce Greig, Kathleen Gregson, and May Wood. The number of past students with Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties grows larger daily. Among these are Phyllis N. Parker (out since the start of the scheme), Elma Godfrey, Eleanor Street, and Phyllis Blaine, while Mrs. Durell Wickham and Marjorie Parker left on Oct. 9th, bound for Marseilles. There they are to entertain some 50,000 American soldiers. Miss Muriel Crowdy, for over three years a very hard-working V.A.D., expects to join a party early in the New Year. Others will follow, as the work is among the best that a girl can do nowadays. The long list of V.A.D.'s and nurses include Nurse E. M. Gosling (Queen Charlotte's Hospital), Joan Solomon, Joyce Kayser, Audrey Armstead, and Edith Constable.

News has reached us of the death of Dr. W. G. McNaught, editor of the *Musical Times*, and famous adjudicator of the Eisteddfod and other choral competitions. Dr. McNaught was an ex-student of the R.A.M.

* * * * *

The memory of Morfydd Owen will live long in many hearts. Her exceptional gifts, both as singer and composer, brought her merited success. But never was she less sweet and charming to even the humblest fellow-student than she was in her early days at the R.A.M. Her death occurred on Sept. 7th, while on a visit to Wales.

* * * * *

Miss May Wood is working hard at a base hospital at Rouen. Her daily duties include preparing breakfast for 40 people, cleaning 35 cubicles and spring-cleaning one, lunch for 40, three hours free, then dinner for 40, while the evening is taken up with weighing out rations of tea, sugar, etc.

* * * * *

WEDDING.—On August 20th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Wimbledon, Miss Margaret Fletcher to Lieut. Kenneth Harding.

GLADYS CHESTER.

The Successful Lyric Writer.

AS publishers' returns go to prove, that uncultured and much-pampered monster, the General Public, much prefers the song to every other type of musical composition, and, while the composer of countless symphonies dies of want in his cheerless attic, the popular song-writer lives joyously on the fat of the land. (Notice, however, that the terms popular song-writer and popular-song writer are *not* synonymous.) The same applies to the writer of lyrics—finding that noble thoughts nobly expressed do not pay, he will do well to turn his attention to the wants of composers of "drawing-room" ballads.

The following hints are intended to make his task easier. By paying strict attention to the advice and information contained therein he will find it possible to turn out lyrics which, at the rate of twelve per hour, and working eight hours per day for six days per week, will (supposing each lyric to be worth half-a-crown), bring him in an income of £3,600 per annum!

I think this is sufficient inducement for anyone to finish reading this article.

The first and most important matter is to decide exactly what class of song your lyric is intended for; unclassified lyrics are useless. Song composers strive to please one of the following classes of humanity:

1. The Romantic Young Maiden.
2. The Sentimental but More Mature Young Woman.
3. The Bluff Young Man.
4. The Aged (particularly the Female Aged).

Here are the songs that appeal to them respectively:

I.—The R. Y. Maiden.

(a) The Oriental song.

(b) The passionate love-song, e.g., "Like the hawk to the nest flies my heart to thee."

II.—The S. but M.M.Y. Woman.

(a) The song about a garden.

(b) The song about one of the cardinal virtues, Faith, Friendship, Sincerity, etc.

(c) The love-song containing the word "devotion."

(d) The song about a place, e.g., "'Twas near the edge of Brennock Bree."

III.—The B.Y. Man.

(a) The song about a non-commissioned officer in the Army, e.g., "I'm the lance-corporal, the bully, bully lance-corporal."

(b) The song about the Navy, e.g., "Nelson's going East."

(c) The patriotic song.

IV.—The aged (p.t. F.A.).

(a) The song containing reference to "mother's white hair."

(b) The song beginning "I remember."

(c) The quasi-sacred milk-and-water song.

Having decided the exact nature of the song he intends to write, the young lyric-writer should now select a new nib and begin. I should advise him to start with the Oriental song; it's easiest! No knowledge of the East is necessary, but the writer should have a vague impression of sand (plenty of sand), and one or two palm trees. It is best to write a cycle and to call it "The Turk inTeheran," or "The Harem of Hafiz." There need not be more than twelve words in each verse; the rest of the space can be filled in with unintelligible cries. The following is an example:

I.

The sand and the desert.
Yah oy yah!
The palm trees and camels.
Yah!

II.

The stars and darkness
Yah oy yah!
The palm trees and camels.
Yah!

III.

Love, I am waiting.
Yah oy yah!
Alone I am waiting.
Yah oy yah oy yah! (*ad lib.*)

There is another type of song which, though very popular, presents absolutely no difficulties. Only eight lines are necessary, and the rhyming scheme should be planned out beforehand, thus: Love, above; earth, worth; part, heart; see, me. The remainder of the lines should be filled up with short words. In the last verse it is usual to mention the Deity somewhere near the end. This song is a dead cert.!

Songs about gardens are in great demand. There are several sorts of gardens—of love, of roses, and of dreams. In the first verse they should be "washed with dew," and, later on, it is usual to mention that "the fairest flower is you."

Patriotic songs must be in march time and very bombastic. The words "flag" and "lad" should occur (but should not be allowed to rhyme—because they don't).

There is a great demand for songs of obscure meaning. For many they exercise a tremendous fascination. The following is a particularly bright specimen:

I.

I waited in the rain,
And I heard the mocking bird.
Will my heart e'er beat again?
O! the anguish of the word.

II.

The wind was by the lea,
There were clouds in the sky;
But what was it to me,
Ah me, that I should die!

Much more could be said on this fascinating subject, but the foregoing are the most salient points. The earnest student who has marked, learnt, and inwardly digested, will now be in a position to earn the princely income above quoted, and the writer of this article will for evermore be blessed. VERA MARTIN.

The R.A.M. Tennis Club.

At the beginning of Midsummer Term a Tennis Club was formed. A committee of five was chosen, consisting of Mr. Edmund Jenkins (manager), Mr. Warwick Braithwaite (chairman), Miss Lilian Smith (secretary and treasurer), Miss Peggy Cochrane, and Mr. Paul Beard, and after much diligent search for a place within easy reach of the Academy, two courts were hired for the season at Grove End Road, for which we paid £30, the nets being £5 5s. extra.

Mr. Corder and Mr. McEwen very kindly consented to become respectively president and vice-president of the club, and as a result of continuous propaganda on the part of the committee and much posting of notices (for the copying of which we are greatly indebted to Hallett), thirty members were enrolled.

The proposed tournament, having twice fallen through on account of weather conditions, had finally to be abandoned, much to the regret of all enthusiastic players.

The members not coming forward in such numbers as we anticipated, we were able to ensure the financial success of the club through the kindly assistance of Mr. McEwen, who lent us £10.

This tardiness of members may be owing to our late start, but it is earnestly to be hoped that by another season the interest in the club will have increased to the extent of enabling us to be entirely self-supporting. I have heard it said that musicians are no good for anything outside their own job. DON'T LET THAT BE SAID OF THE STUDENTS OF THE R.A.M.! LILIAN SMITH (Secretary).

Winter Season.

Since the above has been sent in we have been notified by the Secretary that it has been decided to have a winter season extending to the Thirtieth of March. All students, ex-students, and even enthusiastic players among the professors, are cordially invited to join the club.

The ground is situated at Loudon Road and Carlton Hill. The nearest 'bus service is No. 53. Alight at Carlton Hill, the court is a minute's distance therefrom; the nearest "Met." station is Marlborough Road. 2a, 13 'buses pass Marlborough Road.

"Only A Little ——"

All piano students—tell me true
Have you had this said to *you?*
"That passage—once again—repeat—
Go on, child! Struggle through,
More progress would be made if you
Would not accept defeat
You *could* leave others far behind
With *only a little* strength of mind."

The violinist shakes his head,
Perchance to him it has been said,
"Why waste thy patience, time, and work
On one who's simply here to shirk?
You could play and stir a nation
With *only a little* concentration."

And singers—can ye all rejoice?
Or has't been said about your voice,
"'Tis full and rich—good tone—and strong
(You hold your top notes on too long),
You'll have to scorn folks' interference
With *only a little* perseverance.

It is not said? It is not true?
'Twas never said to me or you?
To write a moral I decline
'Twas *only a little* idea of mine.

NELLIE REDGRAVE.

Dusk.

AN IMPRESSION.

Silence. The sentinel trees,
Standing like women with bowed and veiled heads,
Mourn for the passing day.
A pearl-grey feather drops from a bird's wing
On the still water, and quivers, then floats into the shadow,
Stealing across the lake.
The west glimmers golden a moment, then fades; and the water throbs
Stung into life by the whip of a vagrant breeze.
In the distance, a child calls. . . .
Day sighs as she passes,
And the trees gather round them the outspread mantle of night.

JANET MITCHELL.

Mystic Art.

I happened to arrive about ten minutes too early. It was fixed for five o'clock, but the weather had turned out wretched and so I had 'bus'd it I had been there before, but had only seen them at the disadvantage of a crowded room, so I was rather glad of the chance of ten minutes alone with them.

You see it was an exhibition of "Mystic Pictures" to which I was given a ticket by a friend, this being my second visit. On my previous visit I was forced to realize that if I wanted to understand modern art I'd have to buck up, so I was determined to "get *some* where" with these pictures. There was one which particularly interested me. In my opinion it wasn't at all bad. It was a very nice colour scheme in saxy-blue and sage with yellowy lights penetrating the curious "shot" effect. What it meant I'm not positive, but still it was pleasant to see, and I believe it was "Trafalgar Square on a raid-night. Tho' I did hear someone afterwards say it was our aural body—whatever that is.

The next one was nasty. It was like an anatomical study in black and terracotta. I didn't like it at all—it made me feel self-conscious. There was a very pretty one which I thought would do well for a prize. It was an inch wide and two yards long, and seemed to represent whirligigs and squiggles in intense animation. I was quite pleased with this (though it did make me feel a bit squiggly); when a voice said to me: "I'm afraid that one is upside down." This *was* a blow, as I really had thought I'd got hold of the idea. The voice was soft and quivery, and the lady to whom it belonged was soft and quivery too. "I don't think it makes much difference," I said, and then I thought that sounded rather ignorant, so I explained. "You see I'm not a bit of an artist in the modern sense, and it rather troubles me, so I had hoped to get some real enlightment from these; but I'm blest if I can see *any* real sense in them. Now, look at *that* one. To me it looks like a railway map in convulsions, and then look at that. What does one want to paint a squashed swede for?"

She seemed to look a bit afraid, and *very* sorry. Then I suddenly went cold. "Are you Madame ——— ?-" I asked, mentioning the artist's name. "Yes," said the soft, quivery voice. Oh, friends, it was a horrible moment!

Well, it was no good. I had to say *something*, so I plunged, saying just what you might have said, and I sincerely asked her to explain it to me.

"Well, you see," she said, looking very soft and quivery, with head turned upwards, and a look in her eyes not intended for flesh and blood like me, "I don't have any subjects. I just paint spontaneously. I don't *think* about it—I just paint. I have no forms but I paint *meusic*."

Oh, friends, I've been through some moments in my life, but this ——! I kept my feet as firmly on the ground as I could, and hoped the atmosphere wouldn't get too high or I should be lifted out through the walls and *on*.

"You see," she continued, and the voice was softer and quiverier than ever, and the look in the eyes . . . . . ! You see, I know nothing about *meusic*" (soft accent and short pause on the "meu") "but when I am painting I hear meusic, beautiful celestial meusic and all these pictures mean meusic. Now that one" (she pointed at a clever picture of green and yellow worms and a large and very blodgy tomato broken and leaking, in the bottom right-hand corner) "that one was suggested to me by Handel's Largo."

It was good to be out in the air, friends. There is nothing like air, even in wet, miserable London and October.

IVY HERBERT.

An Academy Alphabet.

A 's the Academy, foremost in name;
Long may it live to gain honour and fame!
B is the bond that between us is plighted.—
Professors and Students in friendship united.
C is our first Chamber Concert: how red
Wave our sashes,—how quickly our courage is fled!
D our Debates;—no one finds them a bore,
But lively with interest and "esprit-de-corps."
E tells of Endless Exams that we bear,
Though the worst are in summer, that fall to our share.
F is the Fortnightly, dreaded by some,
To which our best work and new efforts shall come.
G stands for Green, and for Gratitude, too;
Without his kind helpfulness, what should we do?
H is for Harmony—chiefly—fifth-section—
For earlier stages there's more predilection.
I am myself, may this humble endeavour
Be leniently judged by the wise and the clever.
J is the Joy that all artists have found,
When some good work, performed well, wins praises all round.
K stands for Kultur and Krieg; may they perish!
Though kindness to kettledrums rightly we cherish!
L is the Library, rich in its store
Of modern and classical music galore.
M is the Melody, not to be found,—
Which is sad! on such otherwise excellent ground.
N are the Notices hung on the wall,
That we're meant to peruse, as we pass through the Hall.
O is the Orchestra. O, the ordeal
Of the Orchestral Concert; and oh! how we feel!
P 's for Piano, Professor, you'll find,
And for Progress and Programme and Patron, combined.
Q is the Qualm we shall feel if we fail;
Which makes every Querulous candidate Quail!
R is the Restaurant, where we regale,
And Rations, not Fashions, now tell their own tale!
S stands for Sight-Singing and for Success,—
A little of each goes a long way, I guess.
T is our Telephone-box in the Hall;
"One at a time! You must wait for your call!"
U as a capital, does not abound;
(A Unison, therefore, should seldom be found.)
V is our worst Viva-Voce exam.;
Being harmony, this means a terrible cram!
W stands for the War, being won
With the help of the R. A. M. member's who've gone.
X is a perfectly terrible letter,
I'll leave it alone, and I couldn't do better.
Y is the Current Academy Year
Like the race that the Tortoise did run with the Hare?
Z is the Zenith of aim and endeavour,
May we live up to it, now and for ever!

GLADYS V. GILBERT.

Our Students in Arms.

The following three ex-students have lately been discharged from the Army :

Second Lieutenant Leonard Hubbard (singer), Post Office Rifles.

Captain Gerald Harris (tenor), 21st Manchester Regiment; was wounded in the Battle of the Somme, 1916.

Assistant Paymaster Alfred Quaife (pianist), R.N.R.

The next three to be mentioned, while discharging their various duties, are making use of their spare time by playing on their different instruments to their comrades :

Gunner John Fisher (violinist), R.G.A., stationed at Shoeburyness.

Trooper Josef Shadwick, Fort Garry Horse (violinist); paid us a welcome visit this term, while on leave from Shorncliffe.

Bombardier Orazio Fagotti ('cellist), R. G.A., stationed at Boyton Camp, Salisbury Plain.

Captain Dudley Poll, 2nd Lieut. R. Tidmarsh, and Sapper E. Grant are among those who visited their Alma Mater while on leave from France recently.

Lieutenant Emil Clarke (pianist and violinist), Tank Corps, was also seen at the Academy this term, while on leave from Swansea, where he is stationed, after being wounded in France last year.

The appended brief extract is from a letter written to the Secretary of *The Academite* by an organ student Leslie Regan, who is, by the way, an F.R.C.O., though hardly out of his " teens " :

" France, 20th June, 1918.

" My dear Chester,—

Very many thanks for the copy of *The Academite* you so kindly sent me. It was a most delightful surprise, provided me with some most pleasurable reading, and I really have nothing but praise to bestow on it and all who have worked to produce it. . . ."

" (Signed) Yours, very sincerely,

" LESLIE REGAN, 10812, C. Company,
1st Battalion, H.A.C."

Copies of *The Academite* have been sent to various students now soldiering. It is earnestly requested that anyone having news and addresses of students serving should forward same to the undersigned.

ETHEL BARTLETT.

Overheard.

Philistine Parent. I liked that better than the piece you played at the Fortnightly,

Daughter (surprised). Do you? Oh, I don't. Of course its more human,—but it's not so musical.

Guess Who's.

GUESS who goes into a fit of ecstasy upon the mere mention of the name of Debussy

GUESS w ho" ditto" Brahms.

GUESS who are the new inseparables.

GUESS who finds war-time boots rather conducive to good organ pedalling.

GUESS who is the demure maid.

GUESS who is the apparently unassuming new student that is capable of giving vent, occasionally, to the most caustic and subtle sarcasm.

GUESS who is, or was, the original precocious flapper.

GUESS who confessed that they could tell a lot of funny things which happened during their holiday if they were of a mind to.

GUESS who suggested that soloists appearing at the Queen's Hall Orchestral Concerts should have under-studies.

GUESS who, after spending nine weeks out of the City, resorted to a 'bus ride all over London to see if *little London* was the same as ever.

GUESS who spent a flighty Whitsun

GUESS which harpist and pianist resemble each other so much that by reason of their *abbreviated locks*, they may easily be mistaken for twins.

GUESS which contralto said that she knew she was not pretty, but no one could say she was not good-looking.

GUESS which student of composition boasts (or otherwise) of never having been to a picture palace.

GUESS which organist openly admits, in the face of modern tendencies, allegiance to the solid harmonic school of Handel.

Athletics and the Art Student.

OUGHT sports to be encouraged in an Art School? Do they hinder the career of a promising student? (These are questions that the members of the Debating Society would revel in.)

If they are allowed to take up time that should be given to study, yes; but no, emphatically no; if they are kept in their right place. Nothing could be more beneficial to our work and ourselves than properly organised games. It is quite impossible to do work well unless our brains have a certain amount of rest, and besides this mental rest our bodies need exercise. What could satisfy both requirements better than energetic sports?

It is remarkable that out of all the students at the R.A.M. only about 30 joined the Tennis Club during the summer. Naturally, unless such enterprises are well supported by the students they *cannot* exist.

It is extraordinary to find that so few Londoners care for sports, it is bad taste on their part, but they prefer almost invariably to go to theatres every evening. Although this is a very interesting pastime,

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it cannot be so good for their health as outdoor sports. It is admitted that Londoners do not have such facilities to develop a taste for athletics, as provincial folk do, but in these days it is desirable that such taste should be encouraged instead of always thinking about appearances; it really is so unsporty, and England is supposed to be the most sportsmanlike of all nations.

Now that the Junior Department of the R.A.M. continues to grow steadily in number, it may be only a matter of time before the Powers that Be make compulsory regulations with regard to outdoor exercise for these youngsters. Would it not be well if we of the Senior Department acted as pioneers in this direction by supporting to our utmost any organisation of the students which tends to bring athletics more into our life? What could be better than Lawn Tennis all the year round?

DOROTHY PATTINSON.

Stop Press Guess Who's.

GUESS who thought that the guns which were fired at the hour of the cessation of hostilities was a maroon warning of an impending air raid.

GUESS who is the modest and retiring young lady that related the following, which occurred on the day of the signing of the armistice: "We went in the West End to see the mafficking and in the evening we had dinner at ——, and after that *I do not remember anything else until the next day.*" (We guess the italics are ours.)

GUESS who constitute the quartet of noisy flappers that was very much in evidence on the above-mentioned day.

GUESS who rivalled the celebrated Maskelyne and Devant in the disappearing act on a certain occasion.

GUESS who likewise proved themselves the *invisible dancers.*

F. DAVEY & Co. Printers, Bayer Street, E.C. I.